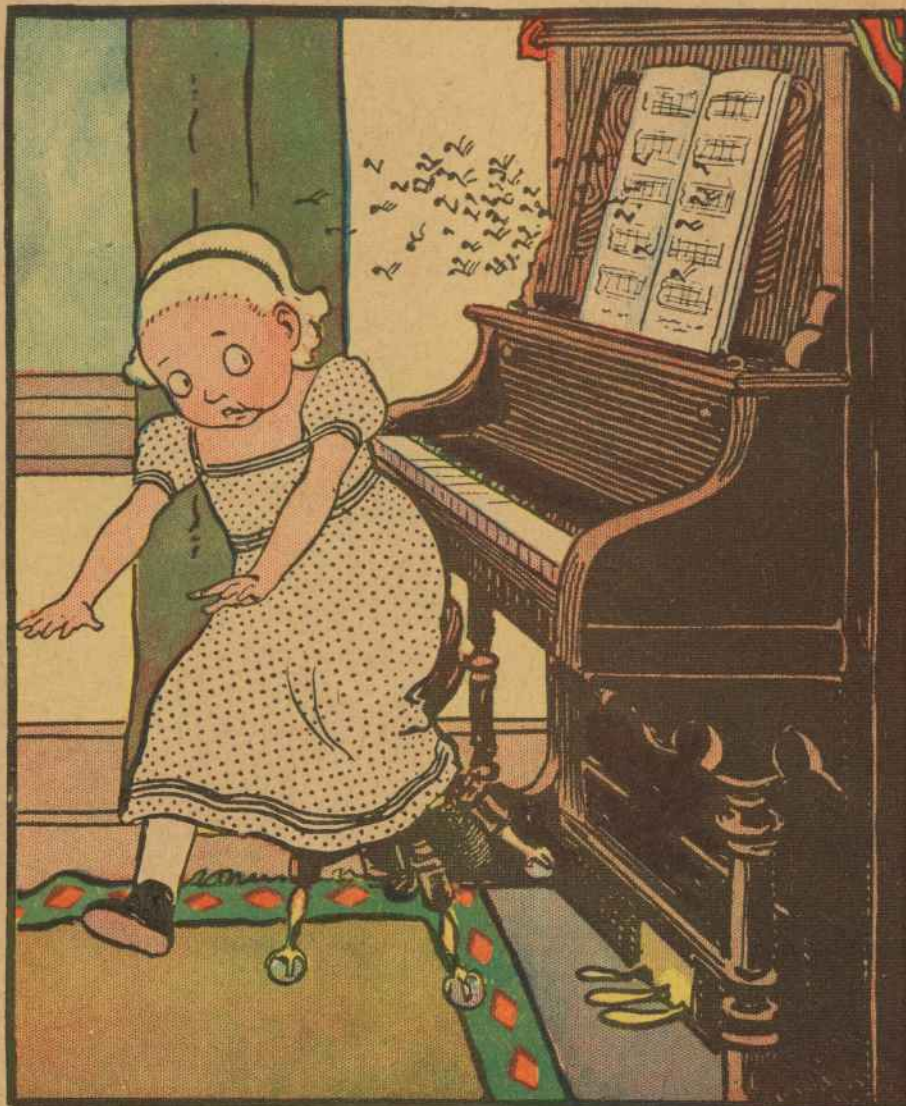


# The Naps of Polly Sleepyhead

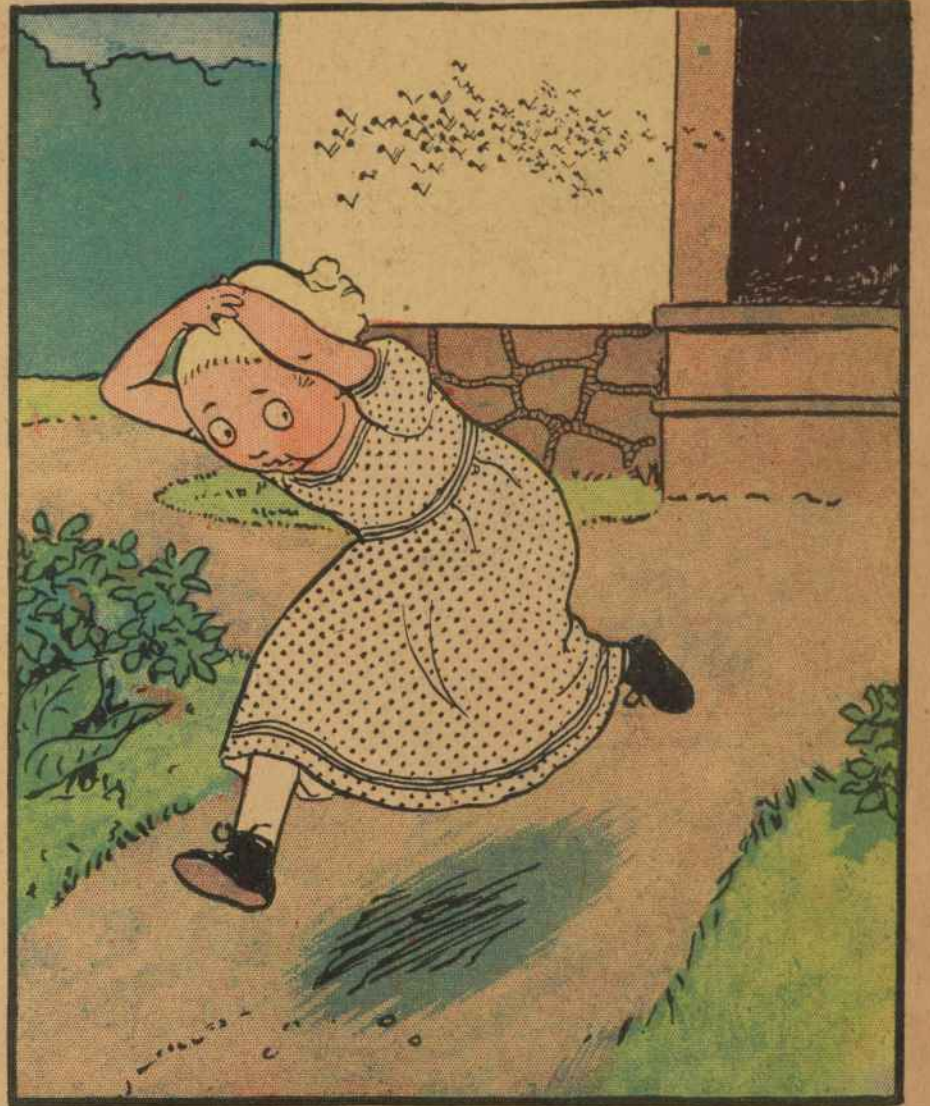
DRAWN  
BY  
PETER  
NEWELL.



1.—Polly did not like to practise on the piano, so she said, "You mean, horrid, old notes!"



2.—But the words were hardly out of her mouth when the notes left the pages of her music book and flew savagely at her.



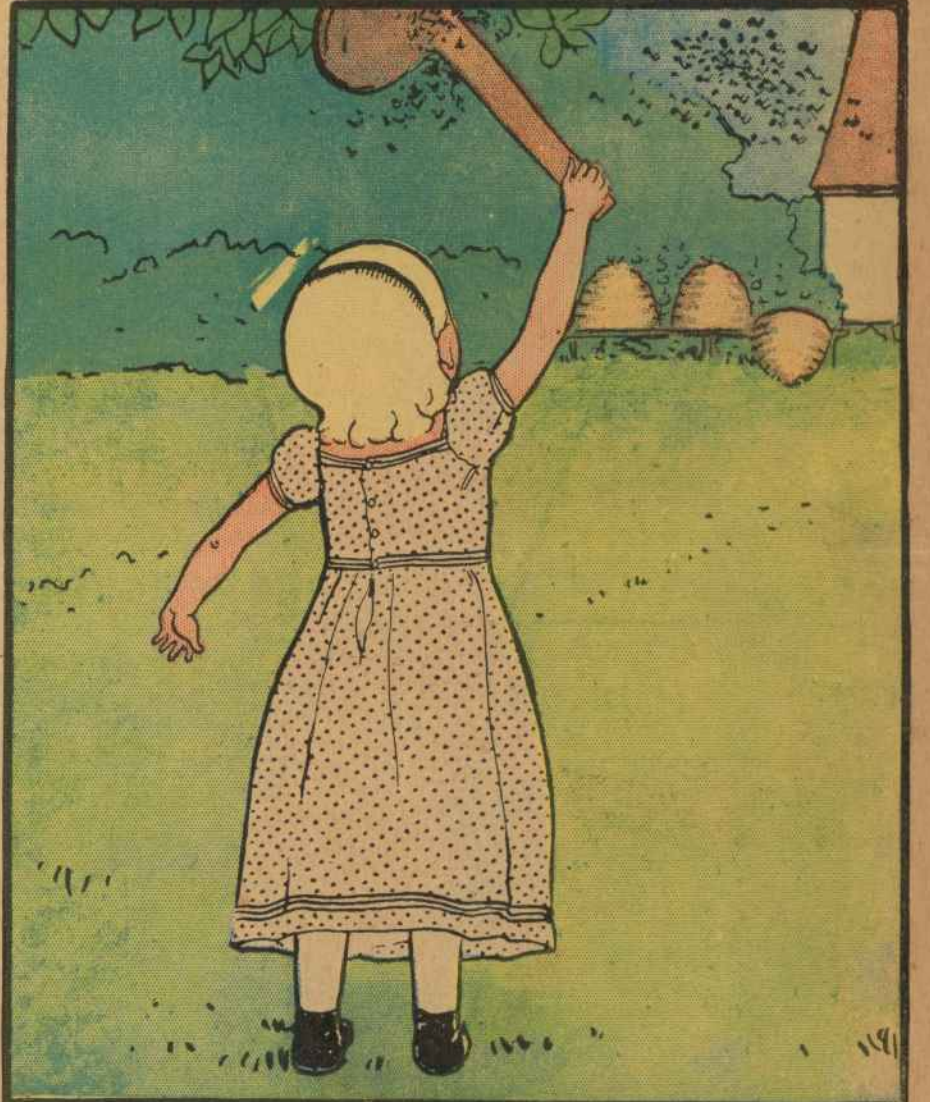
3.—They drove her into the garden and seemed bent on stinging her.



4.—At the rear of the garden she ran into a bee hive and upset it. The bees were angry, of course, at being thus disturbed, and joined in the chase.



5.—"Ah," said Polly, "here's a shingle. I'll try to frighten them away."



6.—But when she raised the shingle aloft she struck a hornets' nest that happened to be on a branch above her head, and the hornets joined forces with the notes and bees.



7.—And then, as she ran again, she was so unfortunate as to tread on a bumble bees' nest, and these insects came swarming out, full of business.



8.—Presently her flight was stopped by a stream of water, and she was about to give up in despair, when a chance hunter pointed his gun at the swarm and—Bang!!!



9.—"Gracious! what a noise!" said Polly, as she suddenly awoke from a nap. "I went to sleep and let my head fall on the keys of the piano."

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